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—THE—

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TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE GREAT PREACHER WRITES OF THE HEAVENLY CITY.

A Vivid Word Picture of the Joys of Immortality—Consolation for the Weary and Sorrowful—The Pains of Living and Joys of Heaven.

Victory Over Pain.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing the close of his globe circling tour and will shortly reach American shores, selected as the subject of this week's sermon, through the press "Victory Over Pain," the text chosen being Revelation xxi. 4. "Neither shall there be any more pain."

The first question that you ask when about to change your residence to any city is: "What is the health of the place? Is it shaken of terrible disorders? What are the bills of mortality? What is the death rate? How high rises the thermometer?" And am I not reasonable in asking, What are the sanitary conditions of the heavenly city into which we all hope to move? My text answers it by saying, "Neither shall there be any more pain."

First, I remark, there will be no pain of disappointment in Heaven. If I could put the picture of what you anticipated of life when you began it beside the picture of what you have realized, I would find a great difference. You have stumbled upon great disappointments. Perhaps you expected riches, and you have worked hard enough to gain them. You have planned and worried and persisted until your hands were worn and your brain was racked and your heart lashed, and at the end of this long strife with misfortune you find that if you have not been lost, you are defeated. It has been a drawn battle. It is still tug and tussle, this year losing what you gained last, financial uncertainties pulling down faster than you build. For perhaps twenty or thirty years you have been running your craft straight into the teeth of the wind.

Perhaps you have had domestic disappointments. Your children, upon whose education you lavished your hard earned dollars, have not turned out as expected. Notwithstanding all your counsels and prayers and painstaking they will not do right. My a good father has had a bad boy. Absalom trod on David's heart. That mother never imagined all this as twenty or thirty years ago she sat by that child's cradle.

No More Blasted Hopes.

Your life has been a chapter of disappointments, but come with me, and I will show you a different scene. By God's grace, entering the other city you will never again have a blasted hope. The most jubilant of expectations will not reach the realization. Coming to the top of one hill of joy, there will be other heights rising up on the vision. This song of transport will but fit you to higher anthems, the sweetest choral but a prelude to more tremendous harmony, all things better than you had anticipated, the robe richer, the crown brighter, the temple grander, the throng mightier.

Further, I remark, there will be no pain of weariness. It may be many hours since you quit work, but many of you are not rested, some from overwork, and some from dullness of trade, the latter more exhausting than the former. Your ankles ache; your spirits lag; you want rest. Are these words always to come, these shuttles to fly, these axes to hew, these shovels to delve, these pens to fly, these books to be posted, these goods to be sold?

Ah, the great holiday approach! No more course of taskmasters, no more standing until the back aches, no more calculation until the brain is bewildered, no more pain, no more carpentry, for the mansions are all built, no more masonry, for the walls are all reared; no more diamond cutting, for the gems are all set, no more gold beating, for the crowns are all completed, no more agriculture, for the harvests are spontaneous.

Further, there will be no more pain or poverty. It is a hard thing to be really poor, to have your coat wear out and no money to get another, to have your four barrel empty and nothing to buy bread with for your children, to live in an unhealthy row, and no mean to change your habitation, to have your child sick with some mysterious disease and not be able to secure eminent medical ability, to have son or daughter begin the world and you not have anything to help them in starting, with a mind capable of research and high contemplation to be perpetually floundering on questions of mere livelihood.

Foats try to throw a romance about the poor man's cot, but there is no romance about it. Poverty is hard, cruel, unrelenting. But Lazarus waked up without his rags and his diseases, and so all of Christ's poor waked up at last without any of their disadvantages—no almshouses, for they are all prices; no rents to pay, for the residence is gratuitous; no garments to fashion, for the robes are divinely fashioned; no seats in church for poor folk, but equality among temple worshippers; no hovels no hard crusts no insubstantial apparel. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat." No more pain.

No Farewells.

Further, there will be no pain of parting. All these associations must some time break up. We clasp hands and walk together and talk and laugh and weep together, but we must after awhile separate. Your grave will be in one place, mine in another. We look each other full in the face for the last time. We will be sitting together some evening or walking together some day, and nothing will be unusual in our appearance or our conversation, but God knows that it is the last time, and messengers from eternity on their errand to take us away know it is the last time, and in Heaven, where they

make ready for our departing spirits, they know it is the last time.

Oh, the long agony of earthly separation! It is awful to stand in your nursery fighting death back from the couch of your child and try to hold fast the little one and see all the time that he is getting weaker and the breath is shorter, and make outcry to God to help us and to the doctors to save him and see it is of no avail, and then to know that his spirit is gone, and that you have nothing left out the casket that held the jewel, and that in two or three days you must even put that away and walk around about the house and find it desolate, sometimes feeling rebellious, and then to resolve to see life dim, and to resolve on self control, and just as you have come to what you think is perfect self control to suddenly come upon some little coat or picture or shoe half worn out, and how all the floods of the soul burst in one wild wail of agony! Oh, my God, how hard it is to part, to close the eyes that never can look merry at our coming, to kiss the hand that will never again do us a kindness! I know religion gives great consolation in such an hour, and we ought to be comforted, but anyhow and anyway you make it, it is awful.

On steamboat wharf and at rail car window we may smile when we say farewell, but these goodbys at the deathbed, they just take hold of the heart with iron pinchers and tear it out by the roots until all the fibers quiver and curl in the torture and drop thick blood. These separations are like red clusters, are thrown and then trouble turns the windlass round and round until we are utterly crushed and have no more capacity to suffer, and we stop crying because we have wept all our tears.

On every street, at every doorstep, by every coach, there have been partings. But once past the Heavenly portals, and you are through with such scenes forever. In that land there are no hand claspings and embraces, but only in recognition. The great home circle never breaks. Once find your comrades there and you have them forever. No crape floats from the door of that blissful residence. No cleft hillside where the dead sleep. All awake, wide awake, and forever. No pushing out of emigrant ship for foreign shore. No toiling of bell in the funeral passes. Whole generations in glory. Hand to hand, heart to heart, foot to foot, and joy. No creeping up the limbs of the death chill, the feet cold until hot blankets cannot warm them. No rattle of sepulchral gates. No parting, no pain.

There Is No Pain in Heaven.

Further, there will be no pain of body. The race is pierced with sharp distresses. The surgeon's knife must cut. The dentist's pinchers must pull. Pain is fought with pain. The world is a hospital. Scores of diseases, like cultures contending for a carcass, struggle as to which shall have it. Our natures are infinitely susceptible to suffering. The eye, the foot, the hand, with immense capacity of anguish.

The little child meets at the entrance of life manifold disease. You hear the shrill cry of infancy as the lancet strikes into the swollen gum. You see its head toss in consuming fevers that take more than half of them into the dust. Old age passes, dies, and wails, and short breathes, and dim sighted. On every northeast wind come down pleurisy and pneumonia. War lifts its sword and hark away the life of whole generations. The hospitals of the earth groan into the ear of God their wailing, faint choruses, and ship fevers and typhoids, and London plagues make the world's knees knock together.

Pain has gone through every street and up every ladder and down every shaft. It is on the wave, on the mast, on the beach. Womans from clip of elephant's tusk and adder's sting and crocodile's tooth and horse's hoof and wheel's revolution. We gather on the frailties of our parents and transmit to our children the inheritance augmented by our own sicknesses, and they add to them their own disorders, to pass the inheritance to other generations. In A. D. 252 the plague in Rome smote into the dust 5,000 citizens daily. In 541, in Constantinople, 1,000 gravediggers were not enough to bury the dead. In 1313 ophthalmia seized the whole Prussian army. At times the earth has sweeter with an erag. Count in the pains of Australia, where 23,000 fell of Fontenay, where 100,000 fell of Chalons, where 300,000 fell of Marius' fight, in which 290,000 fell of the tragedy at Herat, where Genghis Khan massacred 1,500,000 men, and of Nishar, where he slew 1,747,000 people; of the 18,000,000 this monster sacrificed in fourteen years, as he went forth to do, as he declared, to exterminate the entire Chinese nation and make the empire a pasturage for cattle. Think of the death throes of the 100,000 men sacrificed in one campaign of Xerxes. Think of the 124,000 that perished in the siege of Oostend, of 30,000 dead at Acre, of 1,100,000 dead in the siege of Jerusalem, of 1,745,000 of the dead at Troy, and then complete the review by considering the stupendous estimate of dead and buried—that the loss by war had been thirty-five times the entire then present population of the globe.

Fate of the Hailstones.

Go through and examine the laceration, the gunshot fractures, the sabre wounds, the gas-holes of the battle-axe, the slain of bombshell and exploded mine and falling wall, and those destroyed under the gun carriage and the hoof of the cavalry horse, the burning thirsts, the camp fevers, the frosts that snivered, the tropical suns that smote. Add it up, and gather it into one line, compress it into one word, sweep it in one syllable, clank it in one chain, pour it out in one groan, distill it into one tear.

Aye, the world has writhed in 6,000 years of suffering. Why doubt the possibility of a future world of suffering when we see the tortures that have been inflicted in this? A deserter from Sevastopol coming over to the

army of the allies pointed back to the fortress and said, "That place is a perfect hell."

Our lexicographers, aware of the immense necessity of having plenty of words to express the different shades of trouble, have strewn over their pages such words as "annoyance," "distress," "grief," "bitterness," "heartache," "misery," "twinge," "jang," "torture," "affliction," "anguish," "tribulation," "wretchedness," "woe." But I have a glad shout for every hospital, for every sickroom, for every lifelong invalid, for every broken heart. "There shall be no more pain." Thank God! Thank God! No man's float in the air. No bruised foot treads that street. No weary arm. No painful respiration. No hectic flush. No one can drink of that healthy fountain and keep faint hearted or faint headed. He whose foot touches that pavement becometh an athlete. The first kiss of that summer air will take the wrinkles from the old man's cheek. Amid the multitude of songsters not one dissonant throat. The first dash of the throne will scatter the darkness of those who were born blind. See the lame man leaps as a hart and the dumb sing. From that fath of infinite delight we shall step forth, our weariness forgotten. Who are those radiant ones? Why, that one had his jaw shot off at Fredericksburg that one lost his eyes in a powder blast; that one had his back broken by a fall from the ship's hatchway that one died of gangrene in the hospital. No more pain.

Sure never, here is Robert Hall who never before saw a well day, and Edward Payson, whose body was ever born of distress, and Richard Baxter, who passed through untold physical torture. All well. No more pain. Here, too, are the Theban legion, a great host of 3000 put to the sword for Christ's sake. No distortion on their countenance. No frowns to hurt them, or frowns to draw them, or rakes to tear them. All well. Here are the Scotch Covenanters, none to hunt them now. The dark cave and imprecations of Lord Claverhouse exchanged for temple service, and the presence of him who helped Hugh Latimer out of the fire. All well. No more pain.

Sweet Waters.

I set upon the door of Heaven until these blows on you this refreshing breeze. The fountains of God have made it cool, and the gardens have made it sweet. I do not know that Solomon ever heard on a hot day the ice click in an ice pit her, but he wrote as if he did when he said, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Clambering among the Green Mountains I was tired and hot and thirsty, and I shall not forget how refreshing it was when after awhile I heard the mountain brook tumbling over the rocks. I had no cup, no chalice, so I got down on my knees and face to drink. Oh, ye climbers on the journey, with cold and parched tongues, and fevered temples, listen to the rumbling of sapphires, brooks, and lowered banks, over colder shelving. Listen! "The lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of water." I do not offer it to you in a chalice. To take this you must bend. Get down on your knees and on your face and drink out of this great fountain of God's consolation. "And, lo, I heard a voice from Heaven, as the voice of many waters."

What Makes Hailstones?

The formation of hail through electrical action according to the new theory of Signor Marangoni, is a very interesting, and even wonderful process. The wind draws out a cloud into a long, narrow strip. In that form, owing to the great amount of surface exposed to the air, the cloud evaporates very rapidly, and rapid evaporation produces intense cold.

Fine particles of snow are then formed, and these, by friction with the water-drops, quickly become charged with negative electricity. But the water drops themselves carry positive electricity, and since negative attracts positive, a film of water is to meet upon each snow-particle and is instantly frozen into a layer of ice.

At this thickness its outer surface remains moist, the water not freezing so rapidly to ice, whereupon the electrical charge changes from negative to positive, and the particle is repelled by the water-drops and driven to the outer parts of the cloud. Here the increased cold covers it with snow again, and friction charges it anew with negative electricity.

Repulsion is now once more changed for attraction, and the particle rushes back into the cloud, receiving upon its surface another film of water is turned into a second ice-layer.

Thus the growing hailstone darts zigzag through the cloud, piling up its alternate layers of snow and ice until gravitation gains control and sends it, with a jingling crowd of fellows, spinning to the ground.

The Deep, Deep Sea.

It is a remarkable fact that the deepest parts of the sea are in all cases very near the land. The deepest sounding known, 4,665 fathoms, or 2,332 feet, was obtained 100 miles from the Kurile Islands; the next deepest, 4,561 fathoms, was found seventy miles north of Porto Rico. With a few exceptions like these the depth of the ocean as far as now known does not reach 3,000 fathoms, or four sea miles. The North Pacific has a mean depth of 2,500 fathoms, the South Pacific of 2,400, the Indian Ocean of 2,000, and the Atlantic by far the best investigated ocean, has a mean depth of 2,200 fathoms.

Hypocrites are the counterfeit coinage of mankind.

FORGOT TO BUY THE DOOR.

So the Parson— Had to Put Up \$500 More to Complete the Sale.

"It is not often that a man neglects to buy the front entrance when he buys himself a home," said ex Judge Dittenhoefer to a New York reporter, "but this is precisely what a friend of mine did—and he paid dearly for that front door when he did acquire it. I was in my office one afternoon, when my friend B. came in, and after the exchange of the compliments of the day he remarked: 'Judge, I've bought me a new house out on West One Hundred and Twenty-third street.'"

"That's good," I replied. "Did you get a bargain?"

"Oh, pretty fair! At least I thought I had; but I'm not so sure now. I can't get in the front door."

"What do you mean?"

"The man I bought it from refuses to give me the key to the front door, and I can get in and out only by the back way."

"What reason does he give for acting in that manner?"

"He says I didn't buy the front of the house, and he is going to let me in that way."

"Have you got your deed all right?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! That's all right."

"Well, you bring it down to-morrow and let me look it over."

The next morning B. appeared with the deed which to a casual glance appeared to be in correct form. But on examining the description of the property by metes and bounds I discovered a curious omission. The point of beginning was at the juncture of the street line and westerly boundary line, running thence to the north boundary and then to the street, and stopped there. Hence the frontage, or easement, not being described, was not conveyed. And thus, while B. was the legal owner of the rest of the house, the frontage was technically the property of the other fellow, and he had a right to carry the latch key, smoke his pipe on the front stoop and put on all the airs of master of the house, while A. could only sneak in through the back door.

Whether the omission was intentional or not was impossible to find out. But it was quickly made plain that the owner of the front stoop meant without any ac meit, if accident it was. On interviewing him he calmly remarked that the frontage was his and he meant to claim it. Being threatened with a suit and the assurance that a court of equity would compel the correction of the deed, he replied, "Fire away! Finally, rather than to have the property tied up in the courts possibly for two years, I advised B. to compromise the matter if he could, and by the payment of \$500 he acquired undoubted right to the latch key of his own front door."

The Ruling Passion.

The ruling passion gets away with woman every time. At a theatre the other night a lady appeared suddenly at the box office and asked the manager for an admission ticket.

"Don't you wish a seat?" the ticket seller asked. "We have a few good seats in the balcony."

"I haven't time to sit down," said the lady. "My husband is waiting for me outside, and besides I have seen the play already."

The ticket seller didn't know what to say to this.

"I only want to go in for a few minutes," the fair visitor continued. "I saw a lady pass in a moment ago, and she was so elegantly dressed that I want to have a good look at her and see exactly what she has on. That's all."

The manager, to whom this explanation was made, escorted the dress-fascinated woman into the auditorium and she went around to a side aisle and made a thorough observation of what the ultra-fashionable dame "had on."

"O, it was perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed as she joined her husband at the door.

Mr. Choate's One Letter.

Joseph H. Choate is a man of imposing mien and authoritative discourse.

Some years ago a young kinsman of Mr. Choate arrived in New York, armed with a letter of introduction to the eminent lawyer.

After reading the letter Mr. Choate turned to the young man and said:

"Well, sir! What other letters have you?"

"The young man named half a dozen men of more or less standing to whom he brought introductions."

"Ah, young man," said the lawyer, with a reminiscent look in his eyes, "you a far better provided with recommendations than I was when I came to New York, at your age, to seek my fortune."

"Yes?" said the young man inquiringly.

"Yes! I had only one letter to introduce me into the great metropolis."

"May I ask from whom it was?" queried the young relative indignantly.

"From Rufus Choate to William M. Everts," answered Mr. Choate—New York Herald.